

Fact or Faked by HelmetParty

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Summary:

Will can't seem to escape what happened.

Fact or Faked

Everything was going normally. The family was back together, the old ten hour D&D nights we're normal again. The tragedy had passed and Will was known as the boy who came back from the dead. It was pretty good, considering, but Will couldn't enjoy it.

He felt like he wasn't real. Everything seemed fake. Everything wasn't fake, though, he was feeling and touching things again and nothing felt cold anymore. He could breathe and play games again.

Sometimes Will would feel this bump in his stomach. This became, after a few weeks, the warning sign. He rushed to the bathroom and would often puke out something. Sometimes blood, sometimes....*something else*. On rare occasions everything would flash before his eyes, and it would suddenly look like he was back in that place only a few seconds. It scared him, sure, but Will wasn't ready to say anything. Not yet at least. Everyone had gone through so much to get him back.

"It was *crazy*" Dustin exclaimed. "We totally fought off a Demogorgon!"

He keeps it quiet. But things get worse.

There comes a time in those weeks that instead of the two second flashes, they become full minutes. He'll try to bust out or run away, but then suddenly his mom is asking him if he's okay. He had just been running and panting around the house.

That's not what he saw. He continues to keep this quiet.

That is, until he goes to sleep and doesn't wake up the next day. Well, he does, but it's not at home.

Green goo and sticky strings cover the walls, the dust and ash making him cough. Will screams out for his mom, Jonathan, Mike, anybody.

Nobody comes.

He's stuck there, walking around, waiting to just wake up at home or have his mom ask him why he's being this way.

It never comes.

Days pass.

He regrets never saying anything.